

A Dialogue between a Widow and a Rake in the Island Princess Set by M^r. Clarke

Widdow

Oh my poor Husband, for ever he's gone, alafs, alafs, alafs I'm un

done: I sigh and I moan must I these cold Nights lye alone alafs I'm undone. I did what I list we kist &

we kist till his Vigour he mist and his jolly fat Face grew as small as my Fift & his Calves his poor

Calves as thin as my Wrist we wrangled and jangled when in an ill Mood but a Nights like two

Pignons we B'ld and we Cood we whist and we friskt a lack and alack why must he for ever why must he

Rake

for ever now lie on his Back why must he for ever now lie on his Back Why Widdow why Widdow why

Widdow winks thou sayst Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha art thou mad of one Husbands dead there are

more to be had Come I'll be thy Honey leave keeping a Pother one Man like one

Wid

Nail serves to drive out another How talk so to me what think you I'll wed tis

scarcely a Month yet, since my poor Husbands dead, A Month 'tis an Age, you're ^{Rake} ~~will~~ to delay me.

Wid ^{Rake}
Widdows now chuse e'er the Funeral day, Not I I'll ne'er do't, Lard! what would People say, They

say you'r a Woman; come off with this Black; come, come, come, come off, come, come off with this Black:

Wid
See, see here's a Shape, here's an Arm, here's a Leg, here's a Back; I'll get thee with Twins, till a Hundred and Ten, You

Rake Wid Rake
lie, goe you'l talk at another rate then. Then try me, Leave fooling, I'll do't by this Kiss, by this, this and this; I'll be

Wid Rake Wid
hang'd if I miss. Lard! should I do this! I will ease you of pain. Go, go you're a sad man.

CHORUS

Ay, do if you can, ay do if you can, ay do, do, do

I'll kill thee with kindness, I'll kill thee with kindness, I'll kill thee, I'll kill thee, I'll kill thee, I'll

do, do, do, do if you can, ay do, do, do, do, do, do, do if you can,

kill thee, I'll kill thee with kindness, I'll kill thee, I'll kill thee, I'll kill thee with kindness.